

## MISCELLANY.

### The Outcast.

Only an outcast—nobody cares for her,  
Drive her out, push her out, don't let her stay,  
There let her seek for friends,  
There let her make amends,  
For all her wickedness—turn her away!

Only an outcast—nobody takes her in,  
Coldly they turn her away from each door;  
Sadly she wanders on,  
Hope dead and pity gone,  
Ragged and hungry, heart-sick and sore!

Only an outcast—nobody seeks her,  
Fierce blows the wind, and fast falls the snow,  
Down on her aching heart,  
Till she's almost dead,  
Sighing, sobbing, and trembling so!

Only an outcast—no one to calm her,  
No one to call her friend, neighbor, or wife,  
No gentle father, no tender mother,  
No loving sister, no noble brother,  
Friendless and homeless she breathes out her life.

Only an outcast, the men said who found her,  
Hurry her off to the almshouse in haste;  
No one to seek her name,  
She was a child of shame,  
Bury her out on the old pauper's waste.

Only an outcast, the grave-robbler muttered,  
As in the dark night he stole her away  
From her neglected tomb  
To the dissecting room,  
For the physician's skill, and for his pay.

Only an outcast, the young student called her,  
As he received the dark veil from her face;  
Well may he gasp for breath,  
As he beholds in death,  
The poor, friendless orphan he led to disgrace!

### GHOSTS, OLD AND NEW.

All tellers of pet ghost stories firmly believe in their authenticity. This is an admitted fact. And all who fancy they have seen disembodied spirits of spectral apparitions, are equally satisfied that they were not under any delusion, mental or physical. The vision of a head, which haunted the late Earl Grey, was said by many to have been a species of monomania, or optical deception; but when the head presented itself to the eyes of other members of his family, that theory broke down.

The second Marquess of Londonderry, better known as the celebrated statesman, Lord Castlereagh, told at one of his wife's supper parties in Paris, in 1815, the following supernatural tale, with the most perfect gravity. Sir Walter Scott was amongst the hearers, and often repeated it: Lord Castlereagh, when commanding in early life a militia regiment in Ireland, was stationed one night in a large desolate country house. His bed was at one end of a long, dilapidated room, while at the other extremity a great fire of wood and turf had been prepared within a huge, gaping, old-fashioned chimney. Waking in the middle of the night, he lay watching from his pillow the gradual darkening of the embers on the hearth, when suddenly they blazed up, and a naked child stepped from amongst them on the floor. The figure advanced slowly towards him, rising in stature at every step, until, on coming within two or three paces of his bed, it had assumed the appearance of a ghastly giant, pale as death, with a bleeding wound on the brow, and eyes glaring with rage and despair. Lord Castlereagh leaped from his bed, and confronted the figure in an attitude of defiance. It retreated before him, diminishing as it withdrew in the same manner that it had previously shot up and expanded. He followed it pace by pace, until the original child-like form disappeared in the embers.

When Lord Londonderry died by his own hand, in 1822, Sir Walter Scott said: "This explains a story he told me of his having seen a ghost, which I thought was a very extraordinary narrative from the lips of a man of so much calm sense and steadiness of nerve. But, no doubt, he had been subject to aberrations of mind, which often create such phantoms." We cannot see how the suicide of Lord Londonderry explains the ghostly appearance of so many years before. Neither can we quite admit the *no doubt* of habitual mental wanderings, of which no evidence is offered, and none, we believe, has ever been recorded. The marquess bore through life the character of one endowed with most unusual self-possession and even temperament. The suicide, in all probability, proceeded from some immediate excitement or incidental cause, rather than from any constitutional tendency. The most trustworthy chroniclers of the day made no allusion to the latter possibility. They attributed the act to the harassing labors of the late session, as well as to mortifying reflections on his political character, with which the daily and weekly organs of public opinion, opposed to the Government, abounded. The coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of insanity.

The supernatural appearance referred to above may have been a dream, as it occurred at night, when the narrator was in bed; although Lord L. declared he was awake. We have heard a person of credibility say he once dreamt he was asleep and dreaming; that he awoke and dreamt again, taking up the interrupted sequence of thought and action, as if nothing had broken it, and still under the conviction that he was asleep all the time. It is beyond the scope of theory or reasoning to account for dreams.

This ghostly child recalls another story of a juvenile fetch, or wraith, or whatever the proper term may be, lately told to the present writer by a friend, a senior of his own standing, which presented itself to him a long time ago in Wales, when he was fishing in the river Usk. The teller of the tale is essentially a practical, rather than an imaginative or romantic individual, with nothing dreamy or superstitious in his mental or cerebral development. Strolling down the bank on a fine summer's day, rod in hand, looking out for a favorable spot in which to try a cast, he stopped at a place which appeared inviting. The Usk abounds in rocky islets. Opposite him, and near the centre of the stream, was one of these, rather elevated. On the other side, between the rock and the mainland, the current ran with much rapidity, and somewhat turbidly, as if disturbed and intercepted by

obstacles below the surface. The depth of the water was much greater than that on the side our fisherman had selected. This he knew from former visits and observations. Suddenly he looked up, and saw a little girl, of six or seven years old, in a bonnet and cloak, with a basket on her arm, standing quite alone, on the summit of the island. She remained for some time, and he continued to look steadily on the unexpected object, wondering how she got there, as, without a boat, access to the place where she stood was utterly impossible. He had his fishing-boots on, and tried to wade across to her, but the river was too deep. Determined to satisfy himself, he moved further down until he reached a fordable point, and crossed over to the other side. There, to his increased surprise, he saw the child standing, having left the island. No vestige of a boat, or raft, or any contrivance by which her passage could have been effected, presented itself. This, of course, added to his astonishment, and he walked towards her. When within a short distance, she moved across a field or two, in the direction of a cottage on an eminence, backed by a wood; ascended some steps on the side of the hill, opened the door and disappeared within. There could be no mistake. He was certain of the fact and identity of the person, for he noted her dress and appearance with minute attention. He followed quickly, reached the cottage, knocked at the door and was told to come in. He did so, and saw a man and woman, apparently his wife, sitting by the kitchen fire. The attitude of the man was desponding; his head on his hand, while his elbow rested on his knee. The visitor asked where the little girl was who had just preceded him into the cottage. The reply from the man was: "No little girl has entered here; we had but one, and we lost her some months ago—she is dead." He then pointed to a cloak, bonnet and basket on the wall, and said: "Those were hers, and there she always left them." The stranger instantly recognized them as those he had seen. "Then," replied the man, solemnly, "you have seen her fetch! She was our only child, most dear to us, and allowed by all to be the best girl in the school she attended."

After a little more conversation, he pressed a gratuity on them, which they were unwilling to take, and not liking his own reflections, left the cottage. He then went to the school in the immediate neighborhood, to obtain further particulars. Everything he had been told was corroborated by the school-mistress, who also took him to the child's grave in the village church-yard. Here the incident ended. Nothing more ensued, nor had the person to whom the vision appeared the slightest connection with or interest in the parties concerned. He cannot persuade himself that it was a *bona fide* ghost, and to this hour remains undecided as to what it really was. Of this he is certain, that he was not asleep, and that what he saw and did were not the vapors of a dream.

Sleep overpowers people in strange positions, and it is quite possible to be so overtaken when fishing on the banks of a river; but to retain a salmon rod in hand, and not drop or lose it, under such conditions, exceeds the category of possibilities. Besides, where was the money that had been given on this particular occasion, and certainly no longer in the bestower's pocket? We ourselves have a distinct recollection of walking a considerable distance, during a night march, in a state of perfect somnolence from fatigue; but the hands were empty, and nothing dropped or lost. On another occasion, going up Mount Etna by night, so as to reach the summit for sunrise, one of the party dropped from his mule asleep; whereupon the dumb quadruped halted till he should get up again. Being missed, two of his companions, with the guide, came back to look for the absentee, and found him locked in deep repose on the pathway, and the mule standing by him, in the same state of happy obliviousness.

A strange incident, which has been in print before, occurred in the life of Gen. Sir John Sherbrooke, who died in the year 1830. He was another man with as little romance in his composition as could possibly be imagined. A good executive officer, but hot and peppery as cayenne pepper; his temper not being improved by a deranged liver, the result of long service under the scorching sun of India.

In the year 1785, he and Gen. Wynyard, then very young men, were officers in the same regiment, stationed in Canada. On the 15th of October, in that year, about 4 o'clock P. M., before dusk came on, they were seated in Wynyard's quarters, engaged in study. It was a room in a block-house, with two doors, the one opening on an outer passage, the other into the latter officer's bed-room, from which there was no exit except by returning through the parlor. Sherbrooke, happening to look up from his book, saw beside the door which opened on the passage, the figure of a tall youth, apparently about twenty years of age, but pale and much emaciated. Astonished at the presence of a stranger, Sherbrooke called the attention of his brother officer, sitting near him, to the visitor. "I have heard," he said, in afterwards relating the incident, "of a man's being as pale as death, but I never saw a living face assume the appearance of a corpse except Wynyard's, at that moment." Both remained silently gazing on the figure as it moved slowly through the room, and entered the bed-chamber, casting on young Wynyard, as it passed, a look, as his friend thought, of melancholy affection. The oppression of its presence was no sooner removed than Wynyard, grasping Sherbrooke's arm, exclaimed, in scarcely articulate tones: "Good God! my brother!"

Both anxiously waited the arrival of the mail from England. Some of the officers, meanwhile, induced Wynyard to confess, with much reluctance, what he had seen. Great excitement was produced throughout

the regiment in consequence. When the expected vessel arrived, there were no letters for Wynyard, but one for Sherbrooke. As soon as he had opened and read it, he beckoned Wynyard from the room. They remained closeted for an hour. On Sherbrooke's return, the mystery was solved. It was a letter from another officer, begging Sherbrooke to break to Wynyard the news of the death of his favorite brother, who had expired on the 15th of October, and at the same hour at which the friends saw the apparition in the block-house. Some years afterwards, Sherbrooke, then in England, was walking in Piccadilly, London, when on the opposite side of the street, he saw a gentleman whom he instantly recognized as the counterpart of the mysterious visitor. Crossing over, he apologized for his intrusion, and learned that he also was a brother—not a twin, as some accounts have it—of Wynyard. More than once, and long after, when some allusion to the incident was made in Gen. Sherbrooke's presence, he interposed, with strong emotion, saying: "I beg that the subject may not again be mentioned." The impression on the minds of those who heard him was, that he considered the matter too serious to be talked of. Gen. Paul Anderson, a distinguished Peninsular officer, who, when a major on Sir John Moore's staff, assisted at the burial of that gallant soldier on the ramparts of Corunna, corroborated the facts here repeated, as having heard them direct from Sir John Sherbrooke's own lips, a short time before his death; adding, that Sir John assured him also, in the most solemn manner, that he believed the appearance to have been a ghost or a disembodied spirit, and that this belief was shared by his friend Wynyard. Strong evidence, more than forty years subsequent to the event.

We find it stated in Moore's life of Byron, that the noble bard sometimes used to mention a strange story, which the commander of the packet, Captain Kidd, related to him when on his passage to Lisbon, in 1809. Being asleep one night in his berth—Captain Kidd, *loquitur*—he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and there being a faint light in the room, could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep; but still the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw and felt the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that on that identical night his brother had fallen overboard and been drowned in the Indian seas. Of the supernatural character of this appearance, Captain Kidd himself did not appear to have the slightest doubt. "Oh!" exclaims the incredulous reader, "this was a decided dream!" Granting the probability of such a solution, it was nevertheless an intimation, out of the natural course, of an event which had actually occurred at an enormous distance, and touching most closely the party to whom it was conveyed.

The following recital came to me from a near relative. He received it in manuscript from the writer, who vouches for its authenticity, and declares that he repeats, without exaggeration, the facts therein detailed: ALTA VISTA, January 8, 1848.

The events I am about to relate, occurred at a distance of about 800 miles apart. One at Alta Vista, the residence of Major Richard Pollard, in the Green Mountains of Albemarle County, Virginia; the other at a frontier post on the Western boundary of Texas—not, as now, incorporated in the Union. A detachment of about 200 men, of the Ninth Regiment of Infantry, and a few dragoons, were there in garrison, with the usual complement of officers. Amongst the latter, was Lieutenant Henry Pollard, a remarkably fine and intelligent young man, of about twenty-five years of age. Towards the close of the day of the 11th of May, 1834, the clear, ringing notes of a bugle announced the hour of dinner, and immediately after, the officers were gathered round the mess-table, buoyant with health, and in their accustomed harmony and good fellowship—conditions under which they there met for the last time.

Alta Vista occupies the summit of an elevation which commands a charming view across the Green Mountains; Westwardly to the Blue Ridge; and to the Southward and Eastward on a clear day, can be seen Mount Laurel, within the borders of the contiguous State of Kentucky. About half a mile from the house, on the North side, runs the public road, while surrounding it is an extensive park, scattered over with a profusion of spruce and locust trees. Arbors composed of cane, spring up here and there, and as they are the resort of members of the family for reading, studying or playing, the house servants have taken them under their especial charge. They devote to them unremitting care and attention; they have trained over and about them flower-bearing vines and creepers, which diffuse an agreeable fragrance, rendering them at the same time impervious to rain, and to the sun's rays. At the South side, beyond the lawn, is the garden, always neatly kept; and well filled with the choicest shrubs and flowers, amongst which shines conspicuously the yellow rose. All the immediate grounds about the house are enclosed with an ornamental paling of wood; gravel walks giving access to gates at various points; and an ample piazza runs the length of the main building, which has wings at either extremity.

From the porch in the centre of the piazza, a broad gravel walk leads straight through the lawn to the principal gates of

entrance to the park. It is bounded, as all the others are, by a low hedge of aromatic shrubs and flowers. About half a mile off, in a southerly direction, are rows of negro cabins, and within a convenient distance of them stands a two-story brick house, occupied by the overseer of the plantation and his family.

At the time now referred to, Major Pollard was absent at Santiago in Chili, where he had been sent by the United States Government, on a special mission, which involved reparation for the capture of the frigate Essex, Commodore Porter, within the harbor of Valparaiso, in the war of 1811-14, by two English vessels, the *Phoebe* and *Cherub*.

During the absence of her husband, Mrs. Pollard, leaving the entire management of the plantation to the overseers, occupied herself with the education of her children, who were under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Brown, a gentleman from Massachusetts. He was a profound scholar, and being without a church, had accepted the office of tutor in the family, remaining in it, including a residence at Oak Ridge, between eight and nine years. As now, Mrs. Pollard had a great fondness for flowers, and passed much of her time amongst them. A lady of wonderfully pleasing and graceful manners, of a highly cultivated mind, and particularly free from anything of a superstitious nature. I mention this for evident reasons, which will appear in connection with this story. She was in the habit of rising early, and attended by some of the female servants of the house, would frequently pass an hour or more, before breakfast, in the garden and the grounds adjacent. At this time she was in the prime of life, and retained much of that personal beauty for which in her *premiere jeunesse* she had been remarkable.

The early morning of the 13th of May, 1834, was one of those for which the spring season, in that part of Virginia, is perhaps nowhere excelled. Nothing can surpass the delicious softness of a May day-break in the Green Mountains. You see an almost cloudless sky, and are conscious of a temperature voluptuously soft and tranquilizing. The fragrance of a thousand flowers fills the air. At intervals, you may hear, as if to present a more striking interest, the notes of a "songster of the grove;" or the fanning of a gentle breeze may stir the leaves and branches of encircling wood. I prefer to give, as received from Mrs. Pollard's own lips, and as nearly as possible in her own words, what now follows, delivered with an uncontrollable emotion which frequently interrupted the thread of the narration.

"I left the house," she said, "on the morning above indicated, quite early, before 6, as I noticed by the clock when passing through the hall. I crossed the lawn to the garden, and not seeing Uncle Ben, (one of the negro graders,) I expressed surprise, as he was usually very regular at his work; and my astonishment was not lessened at hearing Martha exclaim, 'Missis, there's Uncle Ben over yonder in the grave-yard.' (The family cemetery lay immediately beyond the garden.) I directed my steps towards it, to see what he was doing, as it seemed strange he should be there instead of in the garden. I said, 'Uncle Ben, what brings you here this morning?' He reminded me that a few weeks before I had told him to pluck away some weeds which were growing up about the tomb of my dear little Lucy. I noticed, too, that he had swept and smoothed the surrounding grounds. The morning was so delightful, the air so serene, that I felt tempted to pass out through the cemetery to the fields, intending to return by the same way, and I told Uncle Ben not to lock the gate, as I should do so.

"I was led to continue my walk beyond what was my usual custom, but presently a peculiar sensation, as if impelled by some undefined influence, came upon me, and I began to feel very nervous. I hastened to the path leading to the large gate, through which I now decided to return to the house—the shortest way, in fact. An overpowering sense of sadness oppressed me, and once or twice I was compelled to stop. At length I approached the aspen tree which stands by the side of the private road, just without the gate, when, judge of my horror at seeing, lying beneath it, my poor boy Henry. At his side was a cloak, a cap and a sash. I saw blood oozing from his neck. His features bore an expression indicative of intense pain, though calm and tranquil. I instinctively moved towards him, when he waved his hand, as if to say, adieu! A faint smile seemed to struggle through the agony under which he was laboring.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

### LANIER HOUSE.

Main street near Lady, Columbia, S. C.  
THIS FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT is supplied with the very best of WINES, LIQUORS, SEGARS and TOBACCO. DINNERS and SUPPERS furnished at short notice. The cooking is unsurpassed. OYSTERS, GAME, Etc., in season.  
J. B. LANIER, Proprietor.  
R. HAMILTON, Superintendent.  
Dec 10

### THE CAROLINA HOUSE.

LOCATED on Washington street, next to Brennen & Carroll's, is now under the sole proprietorship of the undersigned. The best of everything in the way of WINES, LIQUORS, ALE, SEGARS, TOBACCO, etc., kept on hand. LUNCH every day at 11 o'clock. Give him a call, and test the correctness of the assertion made above.  
June 19  
RICHARD BARRY.

### Rats! Rats! Rats!!!

HARVEY'S CURE—For RATS, Mice, Roaches, Ants, &c. This exterminator is effectual for the destruction of Rats. It is better than any other preparation. It compels rats and mice to avoid their holes or nests after eating it, and to seek the open air until they die. Look after your Corn-crisps and store-rooms.  
For sale by  
Dec 8  
FISHER & HEINITSCH,  
Druggists.

### Sugar and Coffee.

10 HHDS. PORTO RICO SUGAR,  
50 bbls. Refined Sugar,  
75 bags Rio Coffee, all grades,  
15 bags Java and Laguayra Coffee.  
For sale low by  
E. & G. D. HOPE.

## Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad Co.

TREASURER'S OFFICE,  
COLUMBIA, S. C., December 22, 1868.  
NOTICE.—Holders of Bonds of this Company, maturing January 1, 1869, also of Coupons which matured prior to January 1, 1868, are invited to fund them in SEVEN PER CENT. COUPON BONDS. The Treasurer is prepared to issue the new Bonds, and where fractions of \$500 occur, Fractional Bonds, bearing seven per cent. interest, will be issued therefor.  
This Company has redeemed its Coupons which matured on and subsequent to January 1, 1868, and will continue to do so as they mature, at the Carolina National Bank in this city, and at the First National Bank, Charlotte, N. C.  
Jan 5 10  
C. H. MANSON, Treasurer.

## Charlotte and South Carolina and Columbia and Augusta Railroad Companies.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,  
COLUMBIA, S. C., December 13, 1868.  
NOTICE.—Trains will run Daily as follows:  
GOING SOUTH.  
Leave Charlotte 11.35 p. m. Arr. Columbia 6.00 a. m.  
Leave Columbia 8.20 a. m. Arr. Graniteville 2.15 p. m.  
GOING NORTH.  
Leave Graniteville 7.20 a. m. Arr. Columbia 1.30 p. m.  
Leave Columbia 4.15 p. m. Arr. Charlotte 11.10 p. m.  
Close connection at Charlotte, with North Carolina Railroad; at Columbia, with South Carolina and Greenville and Columbia Railroads, and Graniteville, with South Carolina Railroad Trains.  
Passengers for the North taking this route have the choice of FOUR DIFFERENT ROUTES, viz: From Greensboro, either via Danville or Raleigh. From Weldon, either via Petersburg or Portsmouth; and from Portsmouth, either via Old Bay Line and Baltimore. TIME AS QUICK and FARE AS LOW as by any other route.  
For THROUGH TICKETS to Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, apply at Ticket Office, foot Blanding street.  
An Accommodation Train will run as follows: Leave Columbia on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 A. M., arriving Charlotte 6.35 P. M. Returning—leave Charlotte Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M., arriving at Columbia at 5.05 P. M.  
Passengers taking 6 A. M. Train from Charlotte can connect with Night Train of South Carolina Road for Charleston. Passengers from Charleston can, by leaving South Carolina Train at Junction, connect with the 7 A. M. Train from Columbia.  
Dec 13  
CALEB BOUNKNIGHT, Sup't.

## The Great Inland Freight Route.

## Charlotte & South Carolina R.R., AND PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA.

THIS FAVORITE and RELIABLE Route offers superior advantages to the MERCHANTS of COLUMBIA and UP-COUNTRY, in transporting FREIGHTS at low rates and quick despatch to and from Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Rates always guaranteed as low as the published rates of any other line.  
No change of cars, or breakage of bulk, between Charlotte and Portsmouth.  
Marine Insurance from one-half to three-quarters per cent. less than by competing lines.  
For further information, rates, classification sheets, &c., apply to, or address,  
E. R. DORSEY,  
General Freight and Ticket Agent,  
July 24 Charlotte and South Carolina R. R. Co.

## SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS will run as follows, viz: Leave Charleston for Columbia..... 6.30 a. m.  
Arrive Kingsville..... 1.30 p. m. Leave 2.00 p. m.  
Arrive Columbia..... 3.50 p. m. Leave 6.00 a. m.  
Arrive Kingsville..... 7.30 a. m. Leave 8.00 p. m.  
Arrive at Charleston..... 3.10 p. m.  
The Passenger Train on the Camden Branch will connect with up and down Columbia Trains and Wilmington and Manchester Railroad Trains MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.  
Night Express Freight and Passenger Accommodation Train will run as follows: Leave Charleston for Columbia..... 5.40 p. m.  
Arrive Columbia..... 6.05 a. m. Leave 6.30 p. m.  
Arrive at Charleston..... 5.40 a. m.  
March 21  
H. T. PEAKE, Gen'l Sup't.

## Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

PASSENGER Trains run daily, Sunday excepted, connecting with Night Trains on Charleston and Charlotte Railroads:  
Leave Columbia 7.00 a. m. Leave Greenville 5.45 a. m.  
" Alston 8.40 " " Anderson 6.25 " " Newberry 10.10 " " Abbeville 8.00 " Arr Abbeville 3.00 p. m. " Newberry 12.35 p. m. " Anderson 4.20 " " Alston 2.15 " " Greenville 5.00 " Arr Columbia 3.45 p. m.  
Trains on Blue Ridge Railroad run as follows: Leave Anderson 4.30 p. m. Leave Wallaha 3.30 a. m. " Pendleton 5.30 " " Pendleton 5.30 " Arr Wallaha 7.30 " Arr Anderson 6.20 "  
The train will return from Belton to Anderson on Monday and Friday mornings.  
JAMES O. MEREDITH, General Sup't.

## Spartanburg and Union Railroad.

PASSENGER Trains leave Spartanburg Court House Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 A. M., and arrive at Alston 1.20 P. M., connecting with the Greenville Down Train and trains for Charlotte and Charleston.  
On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the Up Passenger Trains, connecting with the Greenville Up Trains, leave Alston 9 A. M. and arrive Spartanburg Court House 3.20 P. M., as follows:  
Down Train. Up Train.  
Miles. Arrive. Leave. Arrive. Leave.  
Spartanburg..... 0 7.00 3.20  
Pacolet..... 10 7.45 7.48 2.32 2.35  
Jonesville..... 19 8.25 8.30 1.50 1.55  
Unionville..... 28 9.15 9.40 1.24 1.05  
Santee..... 37 10.16 10.21 12.03 12.08  
Shelton..... 48 11.10 11.12 11.06 11.08  
Lyles Ford..... 52 11.36 11.38 10.39 10.42  
Strother..... 56 12.03 12.05 10.12 10.15  
Alston..... 68 1.20 9.00  
Jan 7  
THOS. B. JETER, President.

## Office North Carolina Railroad Co.

THE following is the schedule for Passenger Trains over this road:  
Leave Charlotte 11.35 p. m. Arrive 11.35 p. m.  
" Greensboro 5.05 a. m. and 7.17 p. m.  
" Raleigh 9.41 a. m. and 3.20 p. m.  
Arrive Goldsboro 12.25 p. m. Leave 12.30 p. m.  
Through Passengers by this line have choice of routes via Greensboro and Danville to Richmond, or via Raleigh and Weldon to Richmond or Portsmouth; arriving at all points North of Richmond at the same time by either route. Connection is made at Goldsboro with Passenger Trains on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad to and from Wilmington, and Freight Train to Weldon. Also to Newbern, on A. & N. C. Road.

## Laurens Railroad--New Schedule.

MAIL Trains on this Road run to and from Laurens on same day, to connect with up and down Trains on Greenville and Columbia Railroad, at Helena, leaving Laurens at 5 A. M., on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS, and leaving Helena at 1.30 P. M. same days.  
July 9  
J. S. BOWERS, Superintendent.

## Superior Flour.

150 BAGS Strictly Choice Family FLOUR,  
100 bbls. Low Priced Flour.  
For sale low by  
E. & G. D. HOPE.